

THE HILLSDALE STANDARD.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY H. B. ROWLSON, AT \$1.50, PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.—OFFICE IN OAK HALL, THIRD STORY.

VOL. XI.

HILLSDALE, MICH., TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1857.

NO. 559.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1857

W. J. JUDSON,
Manufacturer of
DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS,
In every style, both of Pine and White-oak Lumber. Also, Planed Flooring and Siding. 121 W. 10th Street, Toledo, O.
Orders promptly attended to.

GEORGE H. KING,
TOWNSEND, CLARK & CO.
HARDWARE,
120 Broadway, (Howard Hotel Block,) New York.

FRANK GRIDLEY,
With Mead & Co., Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, No. 47 Wall Street, New York.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY.
Where may be found an extensive variety of the best Medicines and Surgical Instruments, selected only for their purity, and without regard to cost. Also, most kinds of Patent Medicines, with long experience in the use of them. 121 W. 10th Street, Toledo, O.

S. HEMINGWAY,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Having located in Hillsdale, and respectfully invite the citizens of Hillsdale and vicinity, who may have need of medical care or counsel, to call on him. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and has been practicing for several years. His office is in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. W. Farnham, on the corner of 10th and Main streets. Hillsdale, Mich., April 25, 1857.

L. S. FARNHAM, & CO.,
General Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c., &c. Reading, Hillsdale Co., Mich.
L. S. FARNHAM, Proprietor.

E. F. FRENCH,
Physician and Surgeon, Office first door above the Methodist Church, Hillsdale, Mich.

A. C. GREEN,
Physician and Surgeon, Office over Keefe's Clothing Store in Wilson's Lane Office. Residence on east side Main street, Hillsdale, Mich.

SAMUEL RUSSELL,
(Successor to Russell & Livingston.)
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c., &c. All kinds of Farm produce taken for Cash, at Cash Prices. Hillsdale, Mich., Dec. 1, 1856.

D. L. PRATT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in Underwood's Block, Hillsdale, Mich.

GEO. W. LUMBAID,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Prompt attention given to all cases requiring and collecting claims in every part of the State. Office over Mott's Drug Store. Hillsdale, Mich.

C. J. DICKERSON,
Attorney and Solicitor in Chancery, Hillsdale, Michigan. Agent for responsible Life and Fire Insurance Companies. Office over Mott's Drug Store. Hillsdale, Mich.

S. CHANDLER,
Notary Public, Office at the U. S. Express Office, Hillsdale, Mich.

G. F. PAYNE,
Bookbinder and Stationer, Blank Book Manufacturer and Binder. Old Book Binding. Hillsdale, Mich.

J. H. HICKS,
County Auctioneer, Grocer and Commission Merchant. Auctioneer of Real Estate and other property. Office in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. W. Farnham, on the corner of 10th and Main streets. Hillsdale, Mich.

THE LOMBA D INSURANCE CO.,
OFFICE, NO. 67, WALNUT ST., ABOVE SECOND ST.
Capital, \$500,000.
J. G. BURNAP, Secy.

SHATTUCK'S HOTEL,
By SHATTUCK & BRO.
Corner Main and Bacon Streets, Hillsdale, Mich.

HILLSDALE EXCHANGE,
By W. O. HOEG.
OPPOSITE THE PARADE HOUSE, CONNECTED WITH A PLANK ROAD AND FERRY, AND CONVENIENT TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC. A good delivery and conveyance to any part of the country on reasonable terms. Cash paid for Goods, Grain and Produce.

THE PARADE HOUSE,
By W. O. HOEG.
Having rebuilt and replastered, we present our patrons and friends with the above Card, hoping we may better meet the reception of our guests, and we are now open for business. We are engaged in the future.

WILLARD'S HOTEL,
(FORMERLY HILLSDALE HOUSE.)
This Suburban house, situated on a beautiful hill, overlooking the city, has been thoroughly refitted and furnished. The house, being equal to any hotel in Southern Michigan for comfort and convenience to the traveling public. The Hotel is pleasantly located, and in the most central part of the village. Hillsdale, Mich., Feb. 10, 1857.

OFFICE OF THE U. S. EXPRESS COMPANY,
1857
UNITED STATES EXPRESS & AMERICAN CARRIAGE COMPANY.
Capital, \$500,000.

OVER NEW YORK AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.
This rapid, reliable and secure mode of traveling between New York and the other Atlantic cities and the Great West. The Company are prepared to do a general Express business between New York, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis. Two Express leave New York daily for the above named cities in charge of Special Messengers with Bank Notes Drafts, and all kinds of Goods and Freight.

Principal Offices.
22 Broadway, New York.
15 Seneca St., Cor. Pearl, Buffalo.

Proprietors and Directors.
B. N. Barney, A. H. Barney, E. P. Williams, I. McKay, A. H. Barney, A. H. Barney.

Office, one door south of Hillsdale, Hillsdale, Mich.

Fashionable Drapery and Tailoring.
Tailored street between Main and West Streets.

THE subscriber wishes to return his sincere thanks, to those friends who have favored him with their patronage, and at the same time, to call their attention to the new and well selected stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c.
He has just received from New York City, all of which he feels anxious to sell at the lowest price or pattern, or make into garments as they may desire.

Cutting done on his own Improved and Improved system, and warranted to suit the taste, but superior to most. N. H. An Appliance wanted.

White Portland Cement.
35 open House Street, near the corner of Main and West Streets.

Plaster and Water Lime.
A lot of Potatoes, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

White Beans.
A lot of White Beans, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

White Beans.
A lot of White Beans, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

White Beans.
A lot of White Beans, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

White Beans.
A lot of White Beans, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

White Beans.
A lot of White Beans, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

White Beans.
A lot of White Beans, wanted, for the highest price will be paid by

W. H. BARNUM,
Carpenter and Joiner, from the Factory of the Ohio Tool Company, all warranted.

The Disguised Lover.

BY KENT.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas—whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps and lamplighters never pass him, without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word it was filled with mud. The careless blackhead lay at my feet, full length in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit of precisely mud color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times; he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance, at least unchastised. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horse-pod; true, he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat was to gild refined gold—to paint the lily.

"Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan. In about half an hour it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaning against some newly-painted window blind.

His man Caesar declares that he "can't see de use ob lookin' at him; he neder stay lookin' at him," and his washerwoman, with a very proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill-will, but, as she declared, with uplifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's clothes, what could I tell them?" But there were very few things in the world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning, I strolled over to Tom's room. I ascended the stairs, and heard his voice in a very decided tone:

"But it must be done, and so there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "anything within the limits of possibility; but to make a coat in ten hours—I will promise anything in the world; but I really fear I shall be unable to perform."

"If double your price would be any objection,"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it—certainly, I will put every man in my shop up on it—it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shaven head and shaven neck, passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," exclaimed Tom. "I require your advice upon a very important affair—of which these cravats do you think most becoming?"

And he spread before me some half a dozen of every hue and fashion.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest neighbor will never know you. But you cannot support the character, for he had taken that of a chimney-sweep, now—but that would have been too natural. Tell me, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redolent of mignonette, I have a melancholy—think I shall be a little more neat in future. You doubtless remember the good advice you gave me sometime since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

Now it happened that of all the good advice I had given Tom, this was the first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So, I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a shaven to a top?

"Why, where are you going this evening," I continued, "that you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? Nowhere in particular. I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend Mr. Murray. No harm in that I hope."

Conviction began to flash upon me. "Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Your old friend Mr. Murray?"

"Would you believe it! she did not recognize me!"

"Not recognize you?"

"No. You know what a quia that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such a style, he came up shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it, the witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clear enough, but an incorrigible slob. And Julia said he dressed like a barbarian—just think of that, Frank, a barbarian. She shall pay for that yet—Such eyes—and she steps like a queen—Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference in a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes."

The last time I saw Tom he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the drawing-room with muddy boots.

What Bayard Taylor thinks of Traveling in the Arctic Regions.

Bayard Taylor has returned to Stockholm from his northern trip, and in a letter to the New York Tribune, dated February 16th, thus sums up the relative pleasure of travel in the Arctic and in tropical zones:

"It was precisely two months since our departure in December, and in that time we had performed a journey of 3,200 miles, 500 of which were by land, and nearly 200 inside the Arctic Circle. Our frozen noses had peeled off, and the new skin showed no signs of the damage they had sustained—so that we had come out of the fight not only without a scar, but with a marked increase of robust vitality."

I must confess, however, that interesting as the journey has been, and happily as we have endured its expenses, I should not wish to make it again. It is well to see the North even over the South; but, as there is no one who visits the tropics without longing ever after to return, so, I imagine, there is no one who, having seen a winter inside the Arctic Circle, would ever wish to see another. In spite of the warm, gorgeous, and ever-changing play of color hovering over the path of the unseen sun—in spite of the dazzling auroral dances and the magical transfiguration of the forests—the absence of true daylight, and of all signs of warmth and life, exercises at last a depressing influence on the spirits. The snow, so beautiful while the sunrise-streaks illumined it, was a ghastly monotony at all other times, and the air, so exhilarating, even at the lowest temperature, becomes an enemy to be kept out when you know its terrible power to benumb and destroy."

To the native of a warmer zone this presence of an unseen destructive force in Nature weighs like a nightmare upon the mind. The inhabitants of the North also seem to undergo a species of hibernation as well as the animals. Nearly half their time is passed in sleep; they are silent in comparison with the natives of the other parts of the world; there is little exuberant gaiety and cheerfulness, but patience, indifference, apathy almost—Aspects of nature which appear to be hostile to a man of develop and bring into play his best energies, but there are others which depress and paralyze his powers. I am convinced that the extreme North, like the tropics is unfavorable to the best mental and physical condition of the human race. The proper zone of man lies between thirty and fifty degrees."

To one who has not an unusual capacity to enjoy the experiences of varied travel, I should not recommend such a journey. With me the realization of long-cherished desire, the sense of novelty, the opportunity for contrasting extremes, and the interest with which the people inspired me, far outweighed all inconveniences and privations. In fact, I was not fully aware of the gloom and cold in which I had lived until we returned for a few hours southward to enjoy eight hours of sunshine, and a temperature above the freezing point. It was a second birth into a living world. Although we had experienced little positive suffering from the intense cold, except on the return from Muoniovara to Haparanda, our bodies had already accommodated themselves to a low temperature, and the sudden transition to 30 degrees above zero came upon us like the warmth of the month of June."

My friend, Doctor Kane, once described to me the comfort he felt when the mercury rose to seven degrees below zero, making it pleasant to be in bed. The circumstance was then uncomprehensible to me, but is now quite plain. I can also realize the terrible sufferings of himself and his men, exposed to a storm in a temperature of forty-seven degrees, when the same degree of cold, with a very light wind, turned my own blood to ice."

Most of our physical sensations are relative, and the mere enumeration of so many degrees of heat or cold gives no idea of their effect upon the system. I should have frozen at home last winter at a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of meat and butter, and my garments of reindeer. The following is a correct scale of the physical effect of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65 deg. to 70 deg. north:

Fifteen degrees below zero—Unpleasantly warm.

Zero—Mild and agreeable.

Ten degrees below zero—Pleasantly fresh and bracing.

Twenty degrees below zero—Sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally.

Thirty degrees below zero—Very cold, take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food, and plenty of it.

Forty degrees below zero—Intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently, that it may not stop somewhere before you know it.

Fifty degrees below zero—A struggle for life."

A certain gallant editor thinks when a single gentleman can't pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

Habits of Exaggeration.

A BAD HABIT.

"O mother, I am tired to death!" said Jane Mills, as she threw herself into a chair on her return from school.

"Tired to death!" repeated her mother, slowly.

"Yes, mother, I am; almost, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, not even almost," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again, today, for anything in the world!"

"O yes, you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, no, I am sure I would not. I am certain nothing would tempt me."

"But I am nearly certain you could be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything would make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you to the panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane with great animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother; "but the place where it is exhibited is a long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite restored, now, dear mother," said Jane. "I would not fail of going for all the world! Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by inconsistent, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says, one minute, that she would not walk a particular distance 'for anything in the world,' she not only talks inconsistently, but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions."

"Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you met as many as a thousand cross dogs on your way home from school. Now, my daughter, I wish to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired, or exceedingly tired; or you may be alarmed, or frightened, or terrified."

"From this time, let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay,' and adds that 'whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child," said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane, for I know it is wrong, and I feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well, my dear," added her mother, "improve. And now you may get ready to go with me to the panorama."

An Incident of Spiritualism.

A long-bearded customer recently entered a spiritual bookstore in this city, and applied for an agency. He proposed to take a large quantity of books to his part of the country, "away out west," where he represented that he could sell them, as he was assured by the "invincibles." The enterprising bookseller was of course delighted with his prospect of a sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when the long-bearded gentleman remarked that he had no money, and wanted the books entirely on credit.

"Are you responsible?" was the natural inquiry of the merchant.

"Perfectly."

"What evidence of your reliability can you furnish?"

"I have the best of backers, men whose names you know well."

The merchant's countenance brightened up.

"Very well," said he, "let us see your papers."

Thereupon the customer presented the following document:

"To whom it may concern:—We, the undersigned, have been acquainted spiritually with Mr. _____, of _____, Wis., for many years, and recommend him as perfectly reliable and would not be afraid to trust him to any amount."

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, Thomas Paine, John Milton, and others.

Through Jane E. _____, medium."

The bookseller remarked that the backers were good if the medium was reliable; but he thought on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books. The customer hereupon denounced the bookseller as an impostor, telling him that he did not believe in his own doctrines, and that the spirits would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy within him. The bookseller was not convinced.

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

A "Pug Ugly."—A correspondent of the Boston Courier thus describes a character somewhat notorious in the municipal history of Baltimore:

Have you ever seen a "Pug Ugly?" He is of Baltimore origin, and of the species of the "Killer," known in Philadelphia, and "Short Boy" of New York. You have nothing in your city which at all resembles the Pug, the Killer, or the Short Boy. The "Pug" or "Pug," as he is sometimes called, derives his name, not from anything expressed in his own physiognomy, but from the effects which he produces upon the countenance of an adversary. Every time he strikes he "pugs" ugly, and, as is the consequence, an "ugly pug" follows. He is of limited stature, has a compressed face, close cropped hair, and is generally firm built. Alone, he is a coward; but like all bullies, is brave when there is a crowd at his heels. He likes to talk vulgar when decent people are within hearing; and always has a raffishly epigram at his tongue's end. He can be enlisted in any cause for money, which he prizes only as a means of gratifying the most brutish appetites. He is usually to be found in the neighborhood of a engine or porter house, and he understands the merest trick. The class to which the "Pug Uglies" belong, had its origin in New York, where they were generated for the purpose of aiding feeble politicians to carry the points at conventions.

The weather is quite cold the 1st of July.

Burning of a Steamer, and Great Loss of Life.

QUEBEC, June 27.

The steamer Montreal was burned last night near Carving, about twenty miles above this city. There were 500 passengers on board, mainly Scotch Emigrants. About 175 were rescued by the steamer Napoleon. It is believed that many swam ashore, and were saved in other ways, but it is certain that as many as 200 perished in the flames, or were drowned. Mr. Phillips, of Three Rivers, Mich., is among the drowned.

SECOND DISPATCH—Quebec June 27.—The Captain of the Montreal, A. Rudolph, and the crew are among the saved. Reporters have just returned from the steamer Napoleon, which has arrived with the saved and they are assured by those on board that the number lost will fully reach 350.

Particulars of the Terrible Steamboat Disaster. QUEBEC, June 27.

The steamer Montreal, one of the regular steamers running between Quebec and Montreal, left this port at 4 o'clock yesterday P. M., having on board between four and five hundred passengers, of whom a majority were Scotch and other emigrants recently arrived from Europe. Nothing unusual occurred after leaving the wharf, until the Montreal rounded a point off Cape Roque, about 12 or 15 miles above this city, where the wood-work near the furnace was discovered to be on fire. Almost the very moment the smoke was discovered, the flames broke forth, causing the utmost consternation among the crowded passengers. The fire was first discovered about 5 o'clock, when the steamer was nearly abreast of Cape Roque. Every effort was made to arrest the flames. The boat was stopped, so as to lessen the draught, but, finding it impossible to save her, Capt. Rudolph ordered her to be run towards the shore. The officers and crew then exerted themselves to get out the life boat. The flames spread with the most astonishing rapidity, and, in a few seconds after, the steamer began to move forward. The wildest confusion and despair prevailed throughout the ship, and numbers of the passengers threw themselves overboard and were, in most cases, drowned. Fortunately, the steamer Napoleon, also bound for Montreal, was but a few miles in advance of the burning boat, and as soon as the fire was discovered, put back with all speed, and succeeded in rescuing from the burning wreck 127 passengers. Capt. Rudolph and the Purser of the Montreal were amongst those who threw themselves into the river; they being excellent swimmers succeeded in reaching the steamer Alliance, and were saved. It is quite possible that others may have saved themselves by swimming, but, as the steamer became unmanageable when a considerable distance from land, there is no doubt that most of those who threw themselves from the burning boat found a watery grave. Sixteen of those saved died shortly after reaching the deck of the Napoleon, and from present information, it is believed the total loss of life by this terrible disaster will not be far short of three to four hundred. The steamer Alliance arrived here this P. M., with 45 dead bodies, and another boat is known to have recovered 60 bodies. We have not been able to learn the names of those lost, except Mr. Phillips, of the extensive lumbering firm of Norcross & Phillips, of Three Rivers. The Montreal had on board 258 emigrants, recently arrived here from Glasgow, together with several German families and refugees, and several American passengers.

Disasters of a Lignier Dealer.

Mr. Delavan, President of the New York State Temperance Society, in his recent address in the capital in Albany, dwelt mainly on the now prevalent adulteration of liquors:

"Within a few weeks," he said, "it has come to my knowledge, that a person whose conscience revolted at his employment in a large liquor establishment, has left it for a more innocent and creditable business. He stated that it now only took ten, some say four gallons of pure whisky to make a barrel of the wisky of commerce. To these are added minewater, camphene and arsenic, the latter to restore the head destroyed by the water. He stated also, that brandy made to imitate the real French brandy, and of materials of the most poisonous character, was sold at \$4 per gallon, costing only 22 cents. That all kinds of wines were imitated so closely that the best judges could not discriminate; costing but a trifle, and sold at prices to suit customers. The higher the standing of the customer, and the more particular as to his wines, the higher the price to satisfy him as to quality. The most celebrated brands were made use of, and the names of the most celebrated European dealers given, as the source of supply; and European dealers, be it known, are not much behind, but much in advance of the American trader, in their adulterations."

He quoted an advertisement of a chemist in New York, who is now "prepared to furnish the 'flavorings for every kind of liquors,' the best Cognac brandy, etc., etc, is produced."—[Christian Press.]

Boys out at Night.

This is one of the most ruinous, dangerous, mischievous things possible. Nothing so surely and speedily makes th. downward course. We have again and again alluded to these melancholy facts, and must continue to do so while we have strength to lift a pen.

It is ruinous to their morals, in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind—bad, vulgar and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiment, a lawless and vicious bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall, that the boys acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents do you believe it? Will you heed it. Will you keep your children at home at night, and see that your homes are made pleasant and profitable?—Or take them with you to a house of God, of prayer and praise? "Evil communications corrupt good manners." A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump. Beware of the serpent!

In Plymouth, Illinois, Edward Wade sold a piece of land to his brother Shadrack, upon which he had sown wheat last fall, and the crop having been winter killed, Edward claimed the right to sow it again and take off a crop of spring wheat. This Shadrack resisted, and while Edward was sowing the seed, he deliberately shot him dead, and fled as Cain did.

Paying up Old Debts.

A merchant very sensitively engaged in commerce, and located on Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, Feb. 18th 1853, at the age of seventy-five. After his death a package of very considerable size was found tied up labeled as follows: